No. 2 FALL EDITION

BULLETMAN

A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

10¢

64 PAGES OF THRILLS AND EXCITEMENT!

Starring

BULLETMAN and BULLETGIRL


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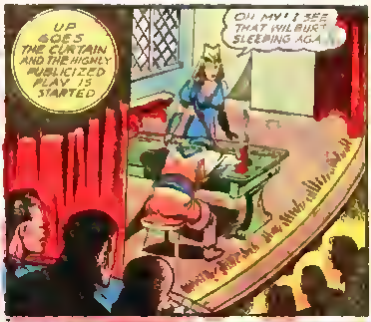
SOMETHING SEEMS QUEER ABOUT ALL THIS..
SHHH THE FIRST ACT IS STARTING!


UP GOES THE CURTAIN AND THE HIGHLY PUBLICIZED PLAY IS STARTED
OH MY! I SEE THAT WILBURT SLEEPING AGA...

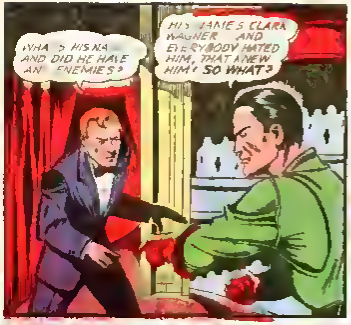

WILBURT... WILBURT, WAKE UP... YOU... YOU...

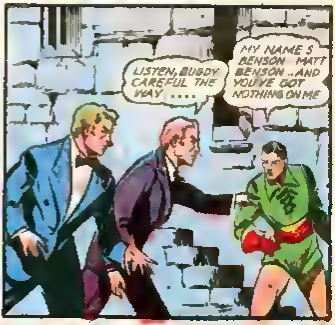

H-H-HE'S DEAD! MURDERED!
THE ACTRESS LEAPS BACK IN HORROR... AND IT'S NOT IN THE ACT BUT GRIM REALITY.


ONE SIDE PLEASE ...I'M A POLICE OFFICER!
AT FIRST THE AUDIENCE THINKS IT'S PART OF THE ACT, THEN THE HOUSE IS THROWN INTO ANARCHY!


DON'T TOUCH ANYTHING UP THERE. I'M SERGEANT KENT FROM HEADQUARTERS


SHE'S RIGHT. THIS MAN'S BEEN MURDERED!
WHEW! AND RIGHT IN FRONT OF A THOUSAND PEOPLE!

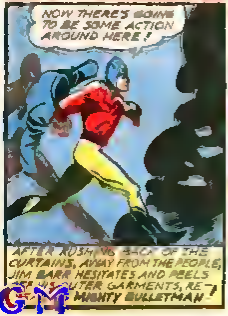

WHAT'S HIS NAME AND DID HE HAVE ANY ENEMIES?
HIS NAME'S CLARK WAGNER AND EVERYBODY HATED HIM, THAT KNEW HIM! SO WHAT?


LISTEN, BUDDY. CAREFUL THE WAY....
MY NAME'S BENSON MATT BENSON ..AND YOU'VE GOT NOTHING ON ME


LOOKOUT!
SUDDENLY, SUSAN SCREAMS A WARNING, AND....


...A SECOND DART WHISTLES PAST JIM BARR, BURYING ITSELF DEEP IN THE WALL.
WOW! THAT WAS CLOSE!


SOMEBODY'S STILL BACK HERE PLAYING GAMES... BUT ROUGH!


NOW THERE'S GOING TO BE SOME ACTION AROUND HERE!
AFTER A RUSH, INTO BACK OF THE CURTAINS, AWAY FROM THE PEOPLE, JIM BARR HESITATES AND PEELS OFF HIS OUTER GARMENTS, RE-VEALING THE MIGHTY BULLETMAN!

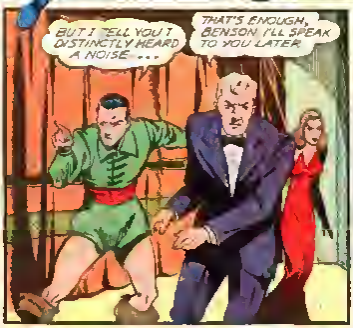

HEY! I'LL HAVE A WORD WITH YOU!
COME ONE STEP CLOSER— AND YOU DIE!!!

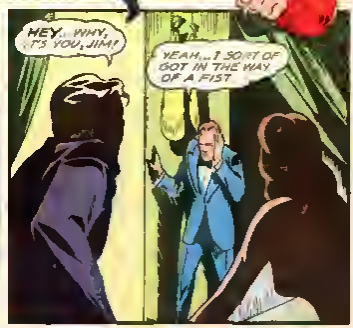

YEAH? WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!

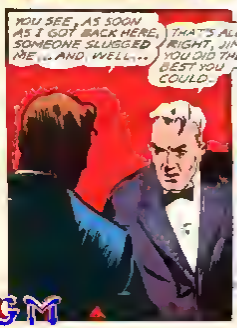

BULLETMAN COLLIDES WITH A FIGURE AND THE FIGURE COLLIDES
S FIST

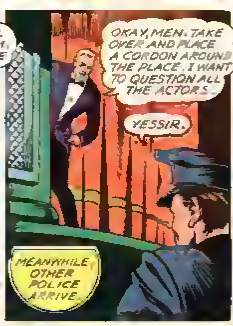

WELL, I'LL BE A STATUE! MY OTHER FRIEND GOT AWAY.

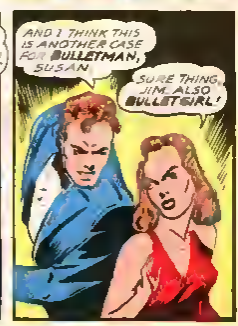

FOOTSTEPS! NOW FOR A QUICK CHANGE BACK TO JIM BARR


BUT I TELL YOU I DISTINCTLY HEARD A NOISE...
THAT'S ENOUGH, BENSON. I'LL SPEAK TO YOU LATER.

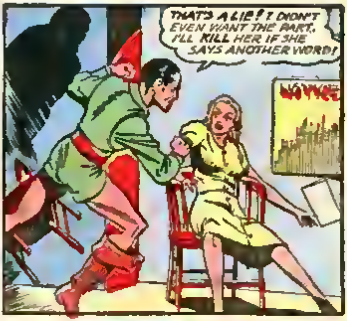

HEY... WHY, IT'S YOU, JIM!
YEAH... I SORT OF GOT IN THE WAY OF A FIST.


YOU SEE, AS SOON AS I GOT BACK HERE, SOMEONE SLUGGED ME... AND WELL...
THAT'S ALL RIGHT, JIM. YOU DID THE BEST YOU COULD.


OKAY, MEN. TAKE OVER AND PLACE A CORDON AROUND THE PLACE. I WANT TO QUESTION ALL THE ACTORS.
YESSIR.
MEANWHILE, OTHER POLICE ARRIVE.


AND I THINK THIS IS ANOTHER CASE FOR BULLETMAN, SUSAN.
SURE THING, JIM. ALSO BULLETGIRL!

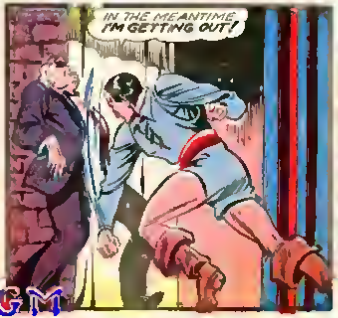

AND YOU SAY MISS LAVERNE, THAT BENSON WAS IN LINE FOR THE LEAD ROLE!
YES, THAT IS IF, ER, ANYTHING SHOULD HAPPEN TO CLARK WAGNER

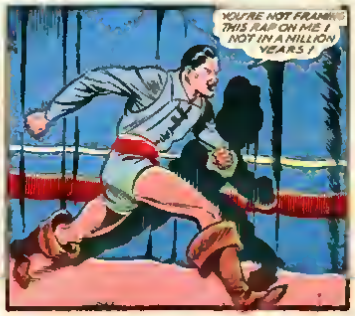

THAT'S A LIE! I DIDN'T EVEN WANT THE PART. I'LL KILL HER IF SHE SAYS ANOTHER WORD!


EASY, BENSON - TAKE IT EASY!
WHY NOT ASK HER WHAT SHE HAS TO DO WITH WAGNER'S DEATH - YEAH - GO ON, ASK HER -

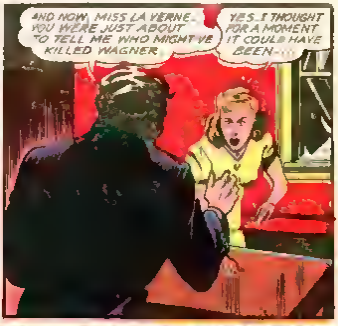

MISS LAVERNE FORGOT TO TELL YOU THAT SHE WAS IN LOVE WITH WAGNER UNTIL HE TOSSED HER OVER. THAT'S A GOOD MOTIVE FOR MURDER, SERGEANT.


WELL...YES, I WAS IN LOVE WITH CLARK. WAIT... THERE'S ANOTHER WHO MIGHT HAVE KILLED HIM!


IN THE MEANTIME, I'M GETTING OUT!


YOU'RE NOT FRAMING THIS RAP ON ME! NOT IN A MILLION YEARS!

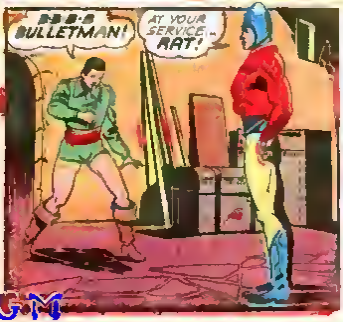

NEVER MIND CHASING HIM, MY MEN WILL PICK HIM UP
EXIT


AND NOW, MISS LA VERNE, YOU WERE JUST ABOUT TO TELL ME WHO MIGHT'VE KILLED WAGNER
YES..I THOUGHT FOR A MOMENT IT COULD HAVE BEEN....


IT COULD HAVE BEEN BEEN AAAAAGGGH!
GREAT GUNS ANOTHER DART!


IT CAME FROM THAT DOOR, SERGEANT! I SAW IT!
QUICK O'LEARY! ROUND UP THE OTHER BOYS!
RIGHT AWAY, SIR


MEANWHILE, MATT BENSON STEALS ALONG A DESERTED HALLWAY
I'LL CLEAR OUT OF TOWN, THAT'S WHAT I'LL DO HEY'LL NEVER
THEY'LL NEVER WHAT BENSON?


BBBB BULLETMAN!
AT YOUR SERVICE - RAT!


STAY BACK! STAY BACK OR I'LL KILL YOU!
THAT'S AN INVITATION, MISTER!
BANG
BANG


WHY DON'T YOU TRY ONE OF YOUR LITTLE DART TRICKS ?


YOU BLAME ME TOO FOR TAKE THAT BULLETMAN!
CRASH


YOU'LL HAVE TO USE MORE THAN A CHAIR, SONNY BOY!

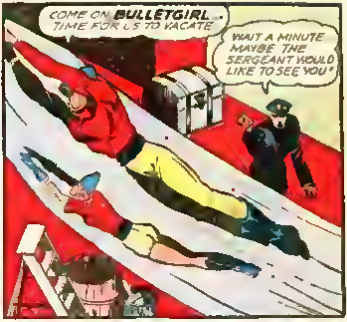

FOR A BRIEF INSTANT BENSON BREAKS LOOSE, AND RUNS MADLY AWAY


GOING SOMEWHERE, LITTLE MAN ?
NO, NO! IT CAN'T BE!
BULLETGIRL ARRIVES.


LITTLE BOYS SHOULDN'T BE RUNNING AWAY FROM MURDER SCENES!
OOOOOOW!


GUESS THAT'LL HOLD HIM FOR AWHILE
THE COPS!


CALL THE SERGEANT... IT'S BENSON!
EEK, AND HE DON'T LOOK TOO GOOD.


COME ON BULLETGIRL... TIME FOR US TO VACATE.
WAIT A MINUTE. MAYBE THE SERGEANT WOULD LIKE TO SEE YOU!


SOMEONE CALLING ME? HEY... THAT'S BENSON YOU'VE GOT THERE!
RIGHT YOU ARE, CHIEF!

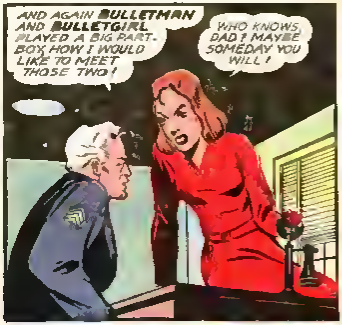

SAAAY... HE'S A QUEER ONE. HAVENT SEEN HIM BEFORE.
USED TO BE AN ACTOR. HIS NAME'S WINTHROP... BUT THEY CALL HIM HUNCHY FOR SHORT.
A STAGE HAND PASSES BY, ATTRACTING SGT. KENT...

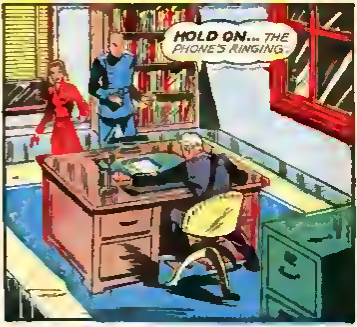

YOU HAVEN'T GOT A THING ON ME, KENT, ...AND YOU KNOW IT!
OH, WELL. LOCK BENSON UP, BOYS. MURDER, CHARGE!

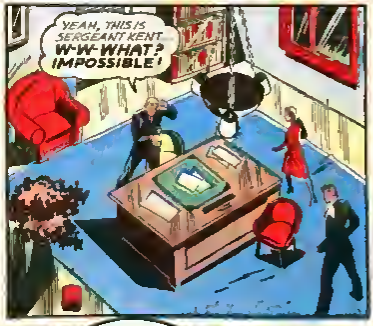

SO THEY CAUGHT THE KILLER, DID THEY? HEH HEH, HEH HEH! WHAT FOOLS... WHAT FOOLS!


New York
The Press Guardian
PROMINENT ACTOR JAILED ON MURDER CHARGE!
CAPTURED!
MAT BENSON INSISTS HE IS INNOCENT.

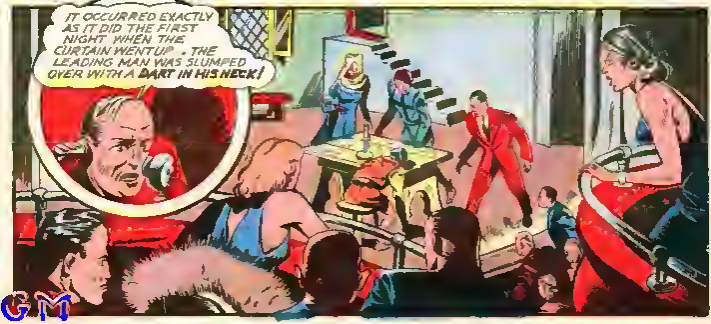

NEXT DAY AT HEADQUARTERS...
GUESS YOU CHILDREN KNOW THE KILLER'S BEEN CAUGHT AND JAILED.
SO I HEAR.

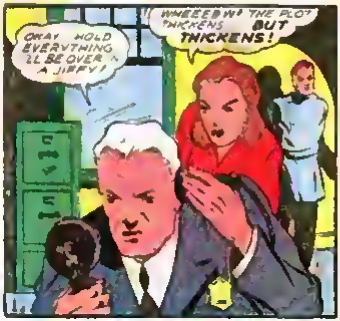

AND AGAIN BULLETMAN AND BULLETGIRL PLAYED A BIG PART. BOY, HOW I WOULD LIKE TO MEET THOSE TWO!
WHO KNOWS, DAD! MAYBE SOMEDAY YOU WILL!

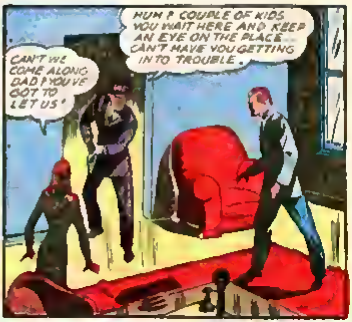

HOLD ON... THE PHONE'S RINGING.


YEAH, THIS IS SERGEANT KENT.
W-W-WHAT? IMPOSSIBLE!


THE BLASCO THEATRE MANAGER ON THE OTHER END OF THE LINE.
BUT I TELL YOU SERGEANT THERE'S BEEN ANOTHER MURDER HERE AT THE THEATRE! YEAH... THE LEADING MAN AGAIN!


IT OCCURRED EXACTLY AS IT DID THE FIRST NIGHT WHEN THE CURTAIN WENT UP. THE LEADING MAN WAS SLUMPED OVER WITH A DART IN HIS NECK!


OKAY HOLD EVERYTHING 'LL BE OVER IN A JIFFY!
WHEEEEW! THE PLOT THICKENS BUT THICKENS!

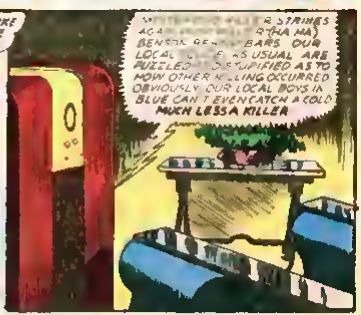

MUM? COUPLE OF KIDS YOU WAIT HERE AND KEEP AN EYE ON THE PLACE. CAN'T HAVE YOU GETTING INTO TROUBLE.
CAN'T WE COME ALONG DAD? YOU'VE GOT TO LET US!

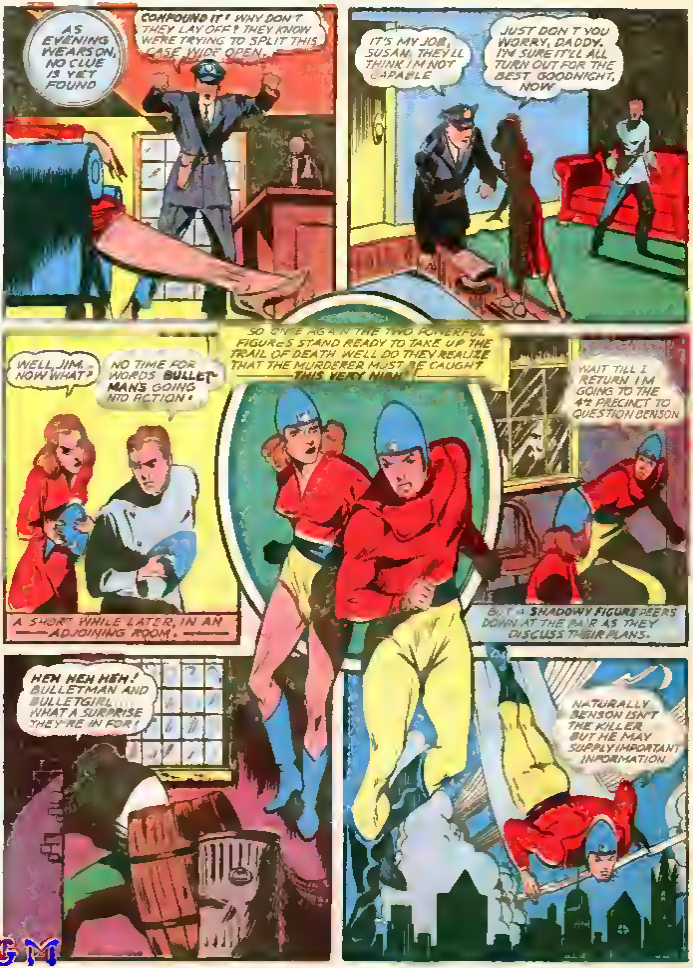

IT'S HERE AGAIN JIM, WHOEVER'S DOING THAT KILLING IS GOING TO BE HARD TO HANDLE.
MMMMM SO IT SEEMS


LET'S SEE THEY JAILED BENSON AS THE "MURDERER" THEN WHILE BENSON IS IN JAIL THE MURDERER STRIKES AGAIN AND ALWAYS AT THE LEADING MAN!

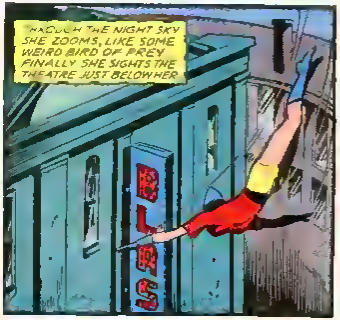

SUSAN, THIS KILLER IS CLEVER AND DEADLY! WHO EVER HE IS WE'VE GOT TO FIND HIM TONIGHT BULLETMAN AND BULLET GIRL TAKE UP THE TRAIL!

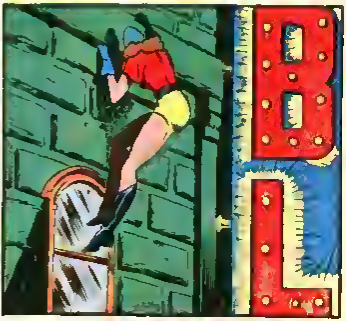

UNTIL THEN WE WILL WAIT HERE LIKE A COUPLE OF KIDS UNTIL THE POLICE GET BACK
YEAH LIKE A COUPLE OF KIDS


STRIKES AGAIN (HA HA) BENSON BEHIND BARS OUR LOCAL AS USUAL ARE PUZZLED & PERPLEXED AS TO HOW OTHER KILLING OCCURRED OBVIOUSLY OUR LOCAL BOYS IN BLUE CAN'T EVEN CATCH A COLD MUCH LESS A KILLER

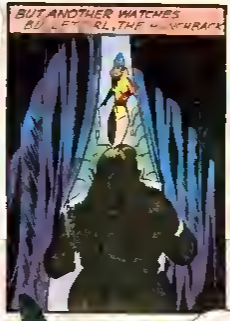

AS EVENING WEARS ON, NO CLUE IS YET FOUND
COMPOUND IT! WHY DON'T THEY LAY OFF? THEY KNOW WE'RE TRYING TO SPLIT THIS CASE WIDE OPEN...
IT'S MY JOB, SUSAN. THEY'LL THINK I'M NOT CAPABLE
JUST DON'T YOU WORRY, DADDY. I'M SURE IT'LL ALL TURN OUT FOR THE BEST. GOODNIGHT, NOW
WELL, JIM... NOW WHAT?
NO TIME FOR WORDS BULLETMAN'S GOING INTO ACTION!
SO ONCE AGAIN THE TWO POWERFUL FIGURES STAND READY TO TAKE UP THE TRAIL OF DEATH. WELL DO THEY REALIZE THAT THE MURDERER MUST BE CAUGHT THIS VERY NIGHT...
WAIT TILL I RETURN. I'M GOING TO THE 47th PRECINCT TO QUESTION BENSON.
A SHORT WHILE LATER, IN AN ADJOINING ROOM...
BUT A SHADOWY FIGURE PEERS DOWN AT THE PAIR AS THEY DISCUSS THEIR PLANS.
HEH HEH HEH! BULLETMAN AND BULLETGIRL. WHAT A SURPRISE THEY'RE IN FOR!
NATURALLY BENSON ISN'T THE KILLER BUT HE MAY SUPPLY IMPORTANT INFORMATION.


HOW MUCH LONGER ARE THEY GOING TO KEEP ME IN THIS TWO-BIT BIRDCAGE?
AT THE FOURTH PRECINCT AND BENSON WHILE'S AWAY THE HOURS...
THAT ALL DEPENDS, BENSON
WHA GULP! BULLETMAN!
SHHH... OR THE GUARDS WILL HEAR YOU
ALL RIGHT BUT WHAT DO YOU WANT HERE?
A LITTLE BARGAIN, BENSON IF YOU'LL TELL ME WHO'S BEHIND THIS KILLING, I'LL –
HOLD ON BULLETMAN IF YOU'RE HINTING THAT I'M GUILTY.
I MERELY WANTED TO KNOW WHO MIGHT BE THE KILLER SOMEONE IN THE CAST OR CONNECTED WITH THE THEATRE IF YOU HAVE ANY INFORMATION I CAN GET YOU FREE!
DO YOU MEAN IT?
THEN LISTEN I'LL TELL YOU WHO I THINK DID IT. IT'S ONLY A GUESS... BUT I MIGHT BE RIGHT! BZZZ BZZZZ BZZ BZZZZZ
MEANWHILE SUSAN GRIMS RESTLESS. SHE IS ANXIOUS TO GO TO WORK ON THE CASE.
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH JIM? HE SHOULD'VE BEEN BACK LONG AGO.
I'M NOT WAITING ANY LONGER. I'LL DO SOME DETECTIVE WORK MYSELF!


THROUGH THE NIGHT SKY SHE ZOOMS, LIKE SOME WEIRD BIRD OF PREY. FINALLY SHE SIGHTS THE THEATRE JUST BELOW HER.

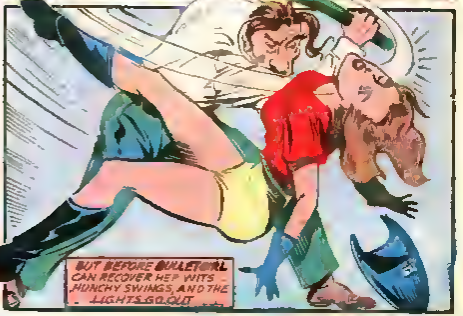



QUIET AS DEATH AROUND HERE, JUST THE RIGHT TIME TO LOOK FOR HIDDEN CLUES!


BUT ANOTHER WATCHES BULLETGIRL, THE HUNCHBACK


NOT A LIVING SOUL IN SIGHT. LET'S SEE. I'LL START BACK STAGE AND SEE WHAT'S WHAT.


HEH HEH HEH HEH!
EEEEK!

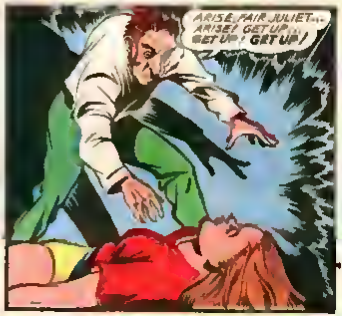

BUT BEFORE BULLETGIRL CAN RECOVER HER WITS HUNCHY SWINGS, AND THE LIGHTS GO OUT


SHE'S OUT! NOW FOR ANOTHER DART KILLING THEY'LL NEVER KNOW HEH HEH! JUST ANOTHER MURDER!


BUT WAIT! I'LL FINISH MY ACT FIRST YES THE ACT! I'M NOT TO BE ROBBED OF MY GLORY! BULLETGIRL WILL BE MY LEADING LADY!


ONTO THE STAGE HE DRAGS HER, IN PREPARATION OF THE COMING TRAGEDY A TRAGEDY TO BE PLAYED BEFORE AN EMPTY THEATRE!


IT IS THE EAST.... AND JULIET IS THE SUN...


ARISE, FAIR JULIET... ARISE! GET UP... GET UP! GET UP!


SO YOU WON'T ACT WITH ME, EH? YOU'LL RUIN IT ALL! HEH HEH HEH! THEN I'LL I'LL I'LL

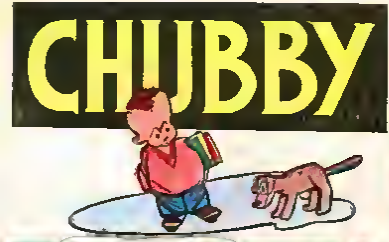

BULLETMAN ARRIVES!
YOU'LL WHAT?
BOP!

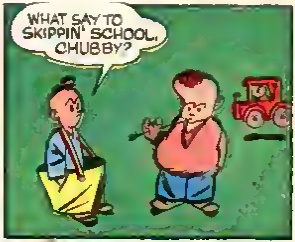

SO IT'S YOU IS IT? THAT'S FINE YOU BOTH DIE!

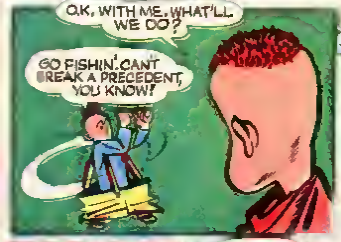
To the Law, you can release Benson, he was nothing but a jealous actor. Hunchy, better known at one time as Benny Mills, is the real killer. He was a shocked actor, who fell and crippled himself, therefore, swearing to kill every leading man who replaced him. Till the deserant we said hello. Bulletman + Bulletgirl—

READ BULLETMAN ADVENTURES EVERY MONTH IN MASTER COMICS...

CHUBBY

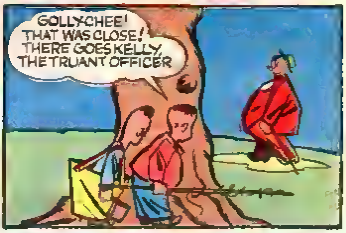


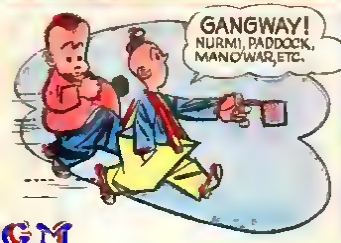

WHAT SAY TO SKIPPIN' SCHOOL, CHUBBY?

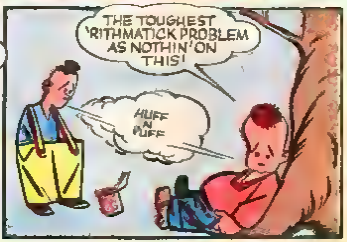

O.K., WITH ME. WHAT'LL WE DO?
GO FISHIN'. CAN'T BREAK A PRECEDENT, YOU KNOW!


EXCELLENT IDEA!

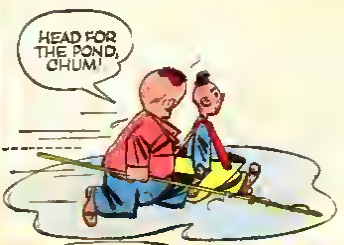

WE'RE OFF TO SEE THE FISHES, IN MAC-McDOOGLE'S POND...
WORMS NO LESS

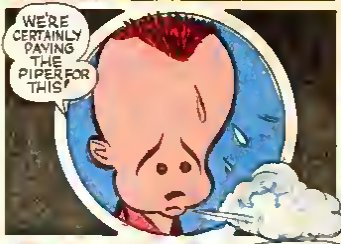

GOLLY-CHEE! THAT WAS CLOSE! THERE GOES KELLY, THE TRUANT OFFICER

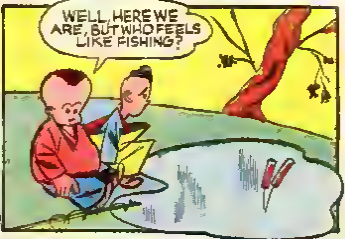

GANGWAY! NURMI, PADDOCK, MANOWAR, ETC.

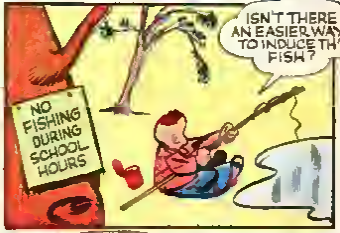

THE TOUGHEST 'RITHMATICK PROBLEM AS NOTHIN' ON THIS!
HUFF 'N PUFF


WOW, THERE'S MY MOM! RUN!

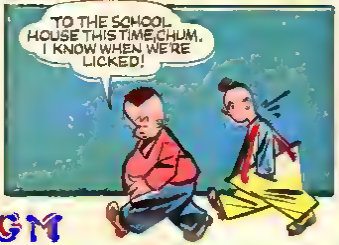

HEAD FOR THE POND, CHUM!

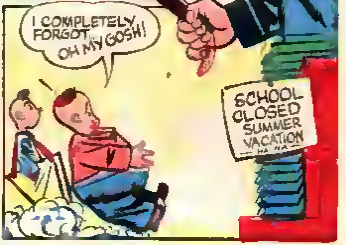

WE'RE CERTAINLY PAYING THE PIPER FOR THIS!


WELL, HERE WE ARE, BUT WHO FEELS LIKE FISHING?

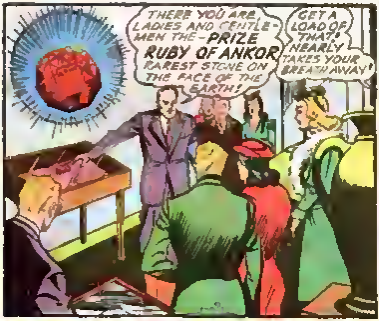

ISN'T THERE AN EASIER WAY TO INDUCE TH' FISH?
NO FISHING DURING SCHOOL HOURS


AW! AW! GULP!!!


TO THE SCHOOL HOUSE THIS TIME, CHUM. I KNOW WHEN WE'RE LICKED!

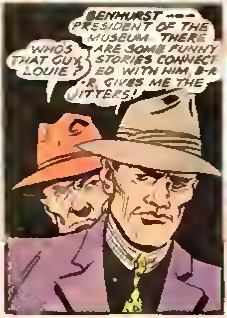

I COMPLETELY FORGOT. OH MY GOSH!
SCHOOL CLOSED SUMMER VACATION


BULLETMAN
THE CASE OF THE LIMPING MUMMY!
WHAT STRANGE THINGS WENT ON AT THE MUSEUM DURING THE SILENT HOURS OF DARKNESS? THIS AND MANY OTHER UNBELIEVABLE QUESTIONS ARE ANSWERED BY HTY BULLETMAN AS HE GOES IN QUEST OF THE MURDEROUS LIMPING MUMMY!
THE POPULAR AND FABULOUS JEWELS OF ANKOR ARE PLACED ON EXHIBIT AT THE STATE MUSEUM


THERE YOU ARE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN THE - PRIZE RUBY OF ANKOR RAREST STONE ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH!
GET A LOAD OF THAT! NEARLY TAKES YOUR BREATH AWAY!


THAT IS ALL FOLKS CLOSING TIME
THINK OF IT LOUIE THAT BLINDER COULD PUT US BOTH ON EASY STREET.


ANY TIME YOU--ER--GENTLEMEN FEEL LIKE SNATCHING THE RUBY JUST REMEMBER IT IS EXCEPTIONALLY WELL GUARDED!
GOSH BOSS-WE DIDN'T THINK THAT WED SWIPE IT
HECK NO--YOU GOT US WRONG


BENHURST --- PRESIDENT OF THE MUSEUM THERE ARE SOME FUNNY STORIES CONNECTED WITH HIM, B-R-R GIVES ME THE JITTERS!
WHOS THAT GUY LOUIE?


YOU MAY GO NOW JOHNSON TIME TO LOCK UP
YES SIR MR. BENHURST I'D HATE TO HAVE YOUR JOB OF GUARDING THE GEMS


NEVER MIND- IT'LL BE WELL GUARDED THE MAN WHO ATTEMPTS TO STEAL THOSE JEWELS WILL BE SHOT INSTANTLY!

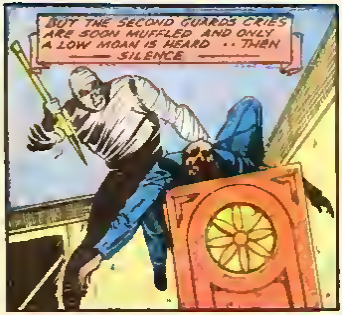

DON'T WORRY MR BENHURST WE'LL TAKE CARE OF EVERY THING
FOR YOUR OWN BENEFIT YOU'D BETTER

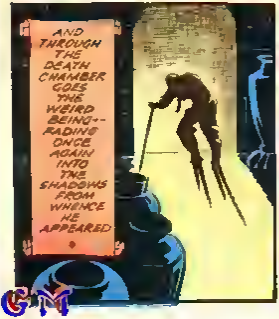

AW HE'S SCARED SOMEONES GOING TO ROB HIM HA-HA-WHAT A JOKE WITH US HERE AS GUARDS!
LEE! BENHURST IS A FUNNY EGG AIN'T HE?

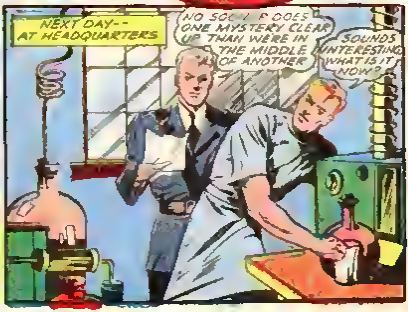

A STRANGE FIGURE STEPS QUIETLY FORTH FROM THE SHADOWS, IN HIS HAND IS A STURDY HICKORY CANE, AND HE SHUFFLES FORWARD . . . SILENTLY WITH A LIMP


AAAH!
HEY, WHAT'IN TH . . .


NO DON'T DO IT- NO!


BUT THE SECOND GUARDS CRIES ARE SOON MUFFLED AND ONLY A LOW MOAN IS HEARD . . THEN SILENCE


AND THROUGH THE DEATH CHAMBER GOES THE WEIRD BEING-- FADING ONCE AGAIN INTO THE SHADOWS FROM WHENCE HE APPEARED


NEXT DAY-- AT HEADQUARTERS
NO SOONER DOES ONE MYSTERY CLEAR UP THAN WE'RE IN THE MIDDLE OF ANOTHER
SOUNDS INTERESTING. WHAT IS IT NOW?


THE JEWELS OF ANKORA, THEY WERE STOLEN FROM THE MUSEUM LAST NIGHT!
WOW! THAT IS SOMETHING! ANY CLUES TO THE THEFT?


SOMETHING OF VAST IMPORTANCE, ONE OF THE GUARDS SURVIVED LONG ENOUGH TO TELL US HE WAS ATTACKED BY A LIMPING MUMMY!


BUT I TELL YOU, I MUST SEE SERGEANT KENT! IT'S IMPERATIVE THAT--
THAT'S PUTTING IT MILD, JIM. WHY IF---- WHAT NOW?


IT'S ALL RIGHT McCOY SHOW THE MAN IN!
AH! THERE YOU ARE!


I'M HILDER--EDITOR OF THE DAILY CLARION AND I'M HERE TO UPHOLD THE PUBLIC'S RIGHT FOR DECENCY, PROTECTION--
JUST A MOMENT MR HILDER IF YOU'LL ONLY EXPLAIN.


ABOUT THE JEWELS--IF YOU HAVEN'T GOT THE FORCE TO PROTECT THIS CITY FROM THIEVES AND MURDERERS YOU SHOULD BE RUN OUT OF TOWN.


MY PAPER WILL HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY ABOUT THIS--JUST MARK MY WORDS! GOOD DAY GENTLEMEN


GET YOUR COAT ON, JIM. WE'RE GOING DOWN TO THE MUSEUM.
IF YOU THINK IT'S ALL RIGHT--THAT IS OKAY--BE RIGHT WITH YOU.


STATE MUSEUM
BUT A MUMMY SERGEANT? THAT SOUNDS LIKE - WELL LIKE A FAIRY TALE!
JUST THE SAME WE'RE NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES COME ON, WE'LL SPEAK TO BENHURST!


GOOD MORNING, SERGEANT KENT WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE?
HELLO THERE JUST A LITTLE ROUTINE CHECKING


IF IT'S THE JEWELS YOU'RE WORRIED ABOUT-- DON'T BOTHER, THEY'RE ON EXHIBIT--NOW!


VERY SIMPLE, SERGEANT, THE JEWELS STOLEN WERE IMITATIONS-- I WITHHELD THE GENUINE STONES UNTIL TO-DAY
WHEW--- THAT SORT OF CLEARS THINGS UP


NOW IF YOU BOYS WOULD LIKE TO WANDER AROUND A BIT, YOU'RE PERFECTLY WELCOME
MIGHT AS WELL KILL TIME WHILE WE'RE HERE

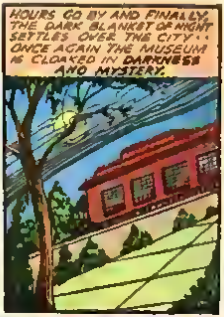

HMMM-- THAT DOESN'T EXPLAIN THE LIMPING MUMMY!
I'LL SEE YOU LATER, SERGEANT


DOWN THROUGH THE EGYPTIAN WING STROLLS JIM BAKER HOPING FERVENTLY FOR SOME CLUE TO THE STRANGE MYSTERY


GOT TO WAIT UNTIL DARK I'LL JUST SLIP IN HERE AND HIDE FOR A FEW HOURS


GUESS HE GOT THE JITTERS AND LEFT HE-ER--DOESN'T LIKE EXCITEMENT, YOU KNOW SO LONG BENHURST AND THANKS
BUT WHERE IS YOUR YOUNG FRIEND, SERGEANT?

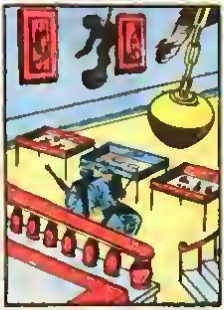

THAT'S FUNNY- WHERE DID JIM GO? OH WELL- GUESS HE'LL SHOW UP AT HEADQUARTERS


HOURS GO BY AND FINALLY THE DARK BLANKET OF NIGHT SETTLES OVER THE CITY.. ONCE AGAIN THE MUSEUM IS CLOAKED IN DARKNESS AND MYSTERY.


NO, HUH! I'D LIKE TO SEE ANYBODY GET PAST US!
ME TOO WE GOT THINGS PRETTY WELL UNDER CONTROL


SLOWLY AN EMPTY CASE SLIDES OPEN- AND- JIM BARR PEEKS FORTH FROM HIS HIDING PLACE.


LET'S SEE THAT LIMPING MUMMY SHOW UP NOW!




HEY OOOOF!


STUPID, IDIOTIC GUARDS! SERVES THEM RIGHT!


FOOLED ME LAST NIGHT BUT THIS TIME--

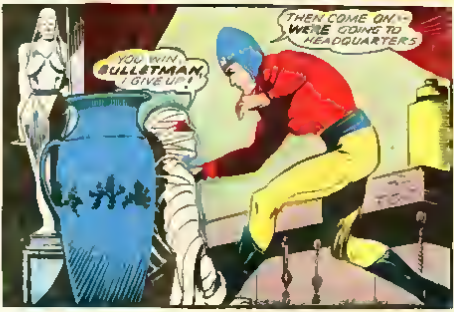

THE CLOTH WRAPPED HAND DARTS IN FOR THE JEWELS THEN STOPS, AS STEEL-FINGERS CLOSE IN TIGHTLY

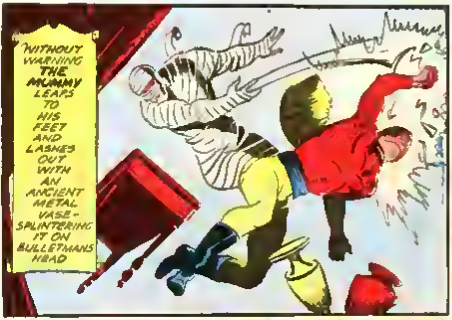

LOOKING FOR SOMETHING-- SANTA CLAUS?


SNOOPING FOOL! I'LL HAVE YOUR HEART FOR--


ANYMORE TRICKS LIKE THAT AND I'LL KNOCK YOU BACK FIVE THOUSAND YEARS!
WHAM!

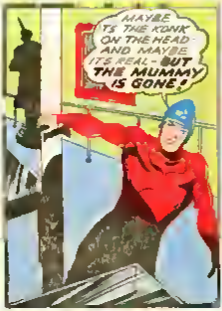

FOR A MOMENT IT SEEMS AS THOUGH THE MUMMY HAS COME TO THE END-- OF HIS TRAIL--
OOOPSY-DAISY!


YOU WIN, BULLETMAN, I GIVE UP!
THEN COME ON!-- WE'RE GOING TO HEADQUARTERS


WITHOUT WARNING THE MUMMY LEAPS TO HIS FEET AND LASHES OUT WITH AN ANCIENT METAL VASE - SPLINTERING IT ON BULLETMANS HEAD

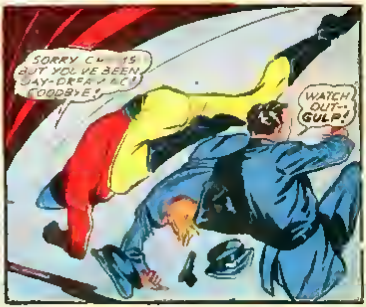

SAVED AGAIN -- SAVED BY THE GRAVITY HELMET!


GIVEN A BRIEF INSTANT TO ESCAPE THE STRANGE MUMMY HURRIEDLY DEPARTS INTO A SECRET OPENING IN THE FLOOR

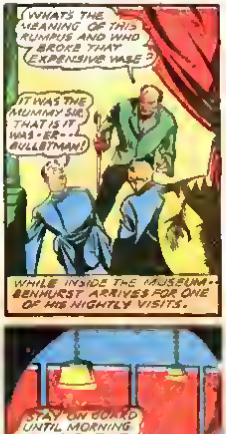

MAYBE IT'S THE KONK ON THE HEAD AND MAYBE IT'S REAL BUT THE MUMMY IS GONE!


HEY, YOU! STAND WHERE YOU ARE OR I'LL SHOOT!
YEAH-- ME TOO!


THOUGHT YOU HADUS EH! DON'T WORRY MISTER--I SAW YA DROP DOWN ON US!
WATCH HIM!


SORRY C[illegible] IS BUT YOU'VE BEEN SAY-DREA[illegible] COOPED!
WATCH OUT-- GULP!


BETTER GET BACK TO HEADQUARTERS, OR THE SERGEANT WILL THINK SOMETHING HAPPENED TO JIM BARR


WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS RUMPUS AND WHO BROKE THAT EXPENSIVE VASE?
IT WAS THE MUMMY SIR, THAT IS IT WAS - ER - - BULLETMAN!
WHILE INSIDE THE MUSEUM - BENHURST ARRIVES FOR ONE OF HIS NIGHTLY VISITS.

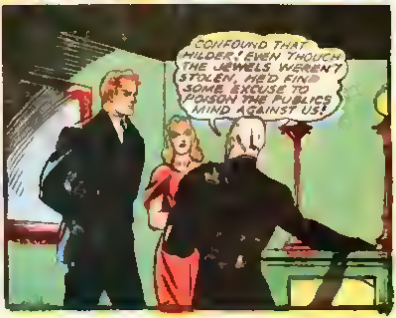

DON'T STUTTER MAN! IF YOU CAN'T WORK WITHOUT DRINKING INTOXICATING LIQUORS -- YOU'LL BE FIRED!!
BUT, SIR-
ME TOO-


AH! THEY'RE ALL INTACT. I GUESS THE MUMMY'S BEEN SCARED OFF BY THIS TIME. HMM-- THE FOOLS TRYING TO TELL ME THAT BULLETMAN AND THE MUMMY WERE HERE

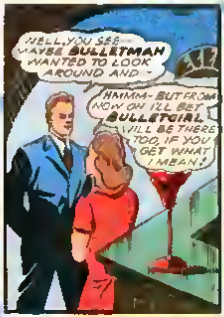

STAY ON GUARD UNTIL MORNING MAKE SURE THAT NOBODY TOUCHES THOSE JEWELS!
YES SIR!


JUST THE SAME I'M REPORTING TO THE CHIEF THAT THE MUMMY AND BULLETMAN WERE HERE. I SAW THEM WITH MY OWN EYES!
SURE YOU DID - ME TOO!


DAILY POP-OFF
LIMPING MUMMY-AND BULLETMAN! SEEN AT MUSEUM.
BULLETMAN
WHERE IS POLICE FORCE? WHILE THESE TWO STROLL THROUGH BUILDING ALL NIGHT LONG.
THE MUMMY


CONFOUND THAT HILDER! EVEN THOUGH THE LEWELLS WEREN'T STOLEN, HE'D FIND SOME EXCUSE TO POISON THE PUBLICS MIND AGAINST US!


WHAT I'D LIKE TO KNOW IS -- WHO IS THE LIMPING MUMMY? AND WHY WAS BULLETMAN AT THE MUSEUM?


WELL, YOU SEE-- I MAYBE BULLETMAN WANTED TO LOOK AROUND AND -
HMMM-BUT FROM NOW ON I'LL BET BULLETGIRL WILL BE THERE TOO, IF YOU GET WHAT I MEAN!


A GUY NAMED "LOUIE THE LIFTER" WE CAUGHT HIM AT THE MUSEUM SNOOPING AROUND IN THE EGYPTIAN ROOM!
WHAT'S THIS O'LEARY?


LISTEN, SERGEANT, I AIN'T THE LIMPING MUMMY! THESE FLATFOOTS OF YOURS CAN'T PIN A RAP ON ME!


JUST THE SAME WE'RE HOLDING YOU ON SUSPICION!
I'LL GET EVEN, KENT! I'LL GET EVEN.
SHUT UP!


WELL, MAYBE LOUIE THE LIFTER IS THE MUMMY! WHO KNOWS?


HOURS LATER, IN A HIDDEN CHAMBER BENEATH THE MUSEUM
HEH-HEM-HEH! SO THEY'RE STARTING TO GET HOT ON MY TRAIL! SERGEANT KENT WILL PAY FOR THIS!


HAVEN'T MUCH TIME LEFT! I'VE GOT TO GET THE JEWELS-- AND KENT, THEN VACATE TO OTHER LANDS

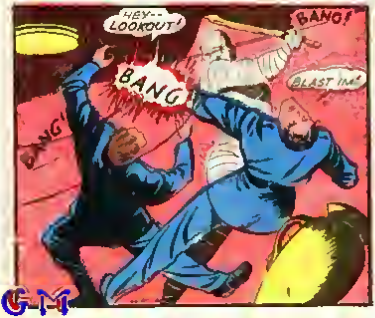

SLOWLY THE WEIRD CREATURE LIMPS UP THE STAIRWAY LEADING TO THE UPPER SECTION OF THE MUSEUM


NOW FOR THE JEWELS OF ANKOR!


TO THE MUMMY'S SURPRISE, THE PRECIOUS STONES HAVE APPARENTLY BEEN LEFT UN-GUARDED


STICK EM UP, MISTER!
STAY WHERE YOU ARE!


NO FUNNY BUSINESS, MR MUMMY WE'RE GOING TO PULL THOSE RAGS OFF AND SEE WHO YOU ARE!


HEY-- LOOKOUT!
BANG!
BANG
BLAST IM!
BANG!


DURING THE CONFUSION THE ALLIGATOR STRIKES THE ONLY LIGHT
PHWTTT SPPPPPP


I GOT HIM!
SO HAVE I! TURN ON THE LIGHTS!
CRASH!
BANG!
OCH


WHERE IS HE?
DARN IT! WE'VE BEEN FIGHTING EACH OTHER!


THE JEWELS GONE!


THAT'S RIGHT, SERGEANT FOR A MOMENT WE HAD IM--BUT--NOW WAIT A MINUTE SERGEANT!


WHY, YOU BLUNDERING SLOW POKES! FIVE MEN AGAINST ONE--AND WE ESCAPES! I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO BRING THE MUMMY IN MYSELF!


AND LET ME TELL YOU THAT ONCE I START AFTER HIM--HE'S COOKED!


JUST LET ME--WH-WH-WHAT! YOU!


DIE KENT, DIE!


BUT TWO OTHERS ARRIVE AT A CRUCIAL POINT. THEY ARE - BULLETMAN AND BULLETGIRL


HELLO DARTHER - SO WE MEET AGAIN!
WHA--?

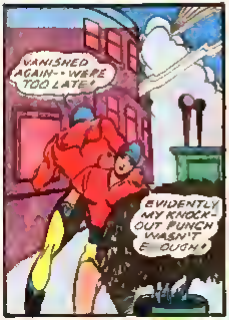

RIGHTO!
FLY BALL -- CATCH HIM, BULLETGIRL!


AND OUT OF THE PARK FOR A HOME RUN!


WELL, YOU TWO SURE SHOW UP AT THE RIGHT TIME!
BULLETMAN TRIES NEVER TO FAIL ANYBODY!


NOW MAN TO MAN - WHY DON'T YOU TWO TELL ME WHO YOU ARE?
THAT'D BE BAD, SERGEANT. ALL THE FUN WOULD BE OVER THEN


BESIDES WE'RE GOING TO CATCH MR. MUMMY BACK IN HERE!


VANISHED AGAIN - WE'RE TOO LATE!
EVIDENTLY MY KNOCK-OUT PUNCH WASN'T E OUGH!


COME ON- TO THE MUSEUM!


MEANWHILE AT THE MUSEUM
BULLETMAN AND BULLETGIRL-- OT TO GET AWAY AND HIDE!


NO—NO! HOW DID YOU TWO GET HERE?


DRAT IT! I'LL KILL YOU BOTH!


YOU SHOULD KNOW BETTER THAN TO PICK AN ARGUMENT WITH US!

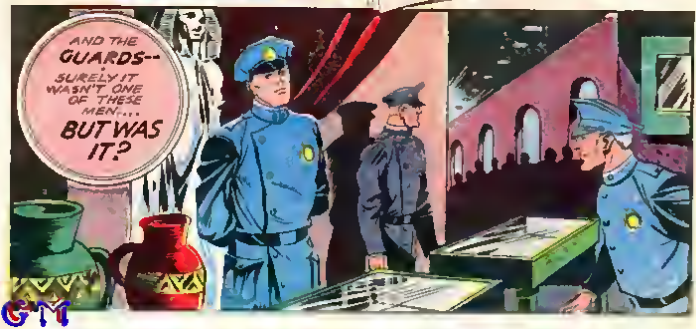

THAT'S ONE PUNCH THAT'LL KEEP HIM QUIET FOR AWHILE!
SMACK!


GREAT GUNS SUSAN--LOOK!
THE LIMPING MUMMY IS

WAIT A MINUTE !!

WE WANT THE READER TO GUESS WHO THE MUMMY IS. CAN ANY OF YOU AMATEUR DETECTIVES TELL WHICH OF THESE MEN IS THE ... "LIMPING MUMMY?"

MAKE YOUR CONCLUSIONS BEFORE TURNING TO THE NEXT PAGE FOR THE ANSWER. NOW IS YOUR CHANCE TO FIND OUT WHICH OF THE FOLLOWING PEOPLE IS THE MYSTERIOUS MUMMY




NICE WORK, KIDS. DID YOU GUESS THE MUMMY'S REAL NAME? WELL, IT'S LIKE THIS


JASON HILDER IS THE LIMPING MUMMY!


KNOWING THAT BENHURST CARRIED A CANE, HILDER ASSUMED THE ROLE OF THE LIMPING MUMMY TO STEAL THE JEWELS AND MAKE US THINK BENHURST WAS THE KILLER!


BUT, COME, SUSAN. WE'LL DROP HIM OFF AT HEADQUARTERS.


NEXT DAY...
HELLO, KIDS! I'VE GOT GREAT NEWS FOR YOU!
YES WHAT IS IT?


HILDER WAS THE LIMPING MUMMY--BULLETMAN AND BULLETGIRL CAUGHT HIM AND RECOVERED THE JEWELS. BOY, WHAT A BREAK FOR THE DEPARTMENT!


OH, WELL--JUST ANOTHER CRIMINAL WHO FOUND THAT CRIME DOES NOT PAY!
BUT THERE'S PLENTY OF THEM LEFT. LET'S GO, SUSAN!
READ THE THRILLING STORIES OF BULLETMAN EACH MONTH IN MASTER COMICS!

TIME HANGS HEAVY

By Carl Formes

A tale of good men and badmen at the old west . . . and who is destined to triumph under the low of King six-gun . . .

THE SWINGING DOUBLE gates of the town saloon bulged out as a heavy forty-five shot ripped through the hot noonday air. In less than the twitch of an eyelash, a man was lying in the deep alkali dust of the street, threshing about in his death agony. For just a split second the coarse, gloating face of Rance Benton showed in the doorway. He was holding a smoking gun. The little gater promptly sprang shut again, and nothing remained of the incident but the already stiffening body of the victim. Sheriff Luke Allen, who had seen the whole thing from across the street, scratched his head. He was perplexed.

Luke Allen looked anything on earth but a sheriff. His boyish, red-cheeked face always broke into a sunny smile at the least provocation, and the dancing twinkle in his deep blue eye led many a man to mistake him for a soft mush over Luke would sort o' drape his six feet two length around a hitching post or a chair, or even on occasion across the bar of the Crystal Palace saloon although "sody pop" was Luke's limit in the direction of going wild.

They had made Luke sheriff of Bannock County for a very good reason. Nobody could be found within the confines of the county who would take the job. Three ex-sheriffs were already lying in the little burial ground on the hill, with their boots pointing toward the midday sun. The three committee men were just returning from burying their dried sheriff, when Zeb Smither's eagle eye happened to fall on Luke, who was leaning against a hitching post, as per usual.

"There's out man" whispered Zeb to his fellow committeemen. "He's the only one in town who wouldn't refuse the honor of leadin' the cause of law and order in our fair town let."

"Pshaw!" spat out old Sam Henlon, taking a hoist of his suspenders to keep his pants from carrying out their oft repeated threat to just drop. "Maybe's well appoint that post against which he's leanin'. It's got as much gumption as that lazy good fer nothin'—"

"Now you hush up a minute" interrupted Ed Johnson, the third member of the committee and the owner of the one and only general store in town. "I'm fer agreein' with Zeb here. Maybe a slow goin critter like Luke'd stay on his feet fer awhile. I aims to tend to my business a bit. Seems as if I do nothin' but bury sheriffs o' late."

That settled it. Within the next few minutes, Luke was duly sworn in as sheriff of Bannock County—badge and all.

But let's return to where we left Luke standing there looking at the murdered man. He looked at his watch. It was exactly thirty minutes since he appointment to the office of sheriff and here this had to happen. He held that watch in his hand, and his thoughts went back—back to his real boyhood days. It was an unusually heavy watch with a massive silver case. His father, one of the earliest railroad men, had owned it once. On his death bed he had handed it to Luke with these words.

"This old turnip may be heavy, but it keeps time. Always keep it with you, son, for it saved my life once, and may do as much for you," Luke had promised, and there face he had it now, although many a time he had wished it lay away. "TIME HANGS HEAVY—" he dubbed it.

SLINKY LOGAN, the Town Buzzard, interrupted Luke's thoughts. You could hardly call Slinky an undertaker, for all he did was to cart the bodies up the hill to the cemetery in his little two-wheeled cart and calmly bury them. For this, he received as much per burial from the County Committee. Slinky was just returning after planting the latest sheriff's remains. Jauntily bobbing up and down on a board stretched across the wagon top he saw the sheriff's badge on Luke and the body of the gun victim at the same time. He had a way of seeing in two directions at once, allotting each eye fifty percent of the labor involved. Hence his nickname of Slinky, although his general manner helped attach this name to him.

"Howdy, sheriff!" grinned the little body carrier. "I see there's another job for me. HMMM! Business is booming."

"Oh it's you, Slinky," spoke Luke, shaking out of his reverie. "What'll we do with this poor hombre?"

"Well," laughed the death carter. "I'll take care o' him all right. All you gotta worry

about, as I sees it, is the man that killed him. Ha, Ha, HAAAAA!" After this bright sally, Slinky brushed the flies off the dead man, and with many a groan and grunt managed to slide the corpse into his little two-wheeler. With a flick of the whip, he started back up the hill to add another to the cemetery's growing population.

Luke had stood stock still, watching every move of the silent drama. He now crossed over to the saloon and pushed his big body through the swinging gates. Thus coming into the sudden darkness of the drink palace, it took some minutes for his eyes to adjust themselves away from the glare of the noonday out. Gradually the interior and its occupants floated into focus. Along the bar at the end of the room stood some six or seven men. Their faces were barely reflected in the poor quality mirror which graced the upper half of the back bar. The bartender was leaning against the far end of his drink work-bench. He and all the reflected faces were broadly grinning. As Luke's eyes became entirely accustomed to the half light of the place, he could see the cause of this merriment—his sheriff badge shone brightly back to him from the mirror ahead.

Luke sauntered over to the bar and broke the tenseness that hung like a pall over the stale tobacco-laden atmosphere with:

"I'll take a sody-pop, strawberry flavor." Like a powerful spring suddenly released, Rance turned on him.

"Seems like they're usin' children for Law Men now," he half snarled with bitter sarcasm. Luke looked him square in the eyes, with those limpid, blue-pool peepers of his, and said.

"Meaning what?"

"That badge on your shirt," sneered the bad man. "It's a sheriff star, ain't it?" Luke deliberately took hold of the insignia of his office, pulled it out where he could get a good look at it, and said with a child-like simplicity:

"Yes, sir, that's what it is. A sheriff's badge."

"Then what he you doin' with it?" insultingly leered Rance.

"Oh," disarmingly spoke Luke. "I forgot, none of you could know. You see, the Committee made me Sheriff of this here County just a mite over thirty minutes ago."

Facing the sheriff with a great show of heavado and swagger, the killer grinned:

"Well, here's your first job, Mr Sheriff. I just killed Sams Nelson, and threw him out in the street. And for your information, I killed all three of the sheriffs who preceded you."

Sticking his ugly mug right under Luke's chin, he snarledt "So what are you goin' to do about it?"

"Well," answered Luke grinning sheepishly. "You see I've only been sheriff for thirty minutes. I don't know much about my job yet, but I should arrest you." Turning his blue eyes full into the sneering deep black ones before him, he addedt "Shouldn't I?"

Rance saw the deep disdain in those eyes that were boring into his very soul, and with an ugly oath, he lashed out at the youth. With incredible speed, Luke sidestepped and hit the bad man a terrific punch on the jaw that sent him reeling against the others at the bar, carrying two down to the floor with him.

"HOIST 'EM, every one o' you!" roared the suddenly transformed youth, as he held his sixshooter on all, including the barkeeper. All hands shot up as if by magic. They were much too surprised by this sudden change in the sleepy boy to do otherwise. Out of the corner of his eye, Luke saw Rance reaching for his gun. A sudden roar of fire spat from Luke's gun and Rance's gun hand hung limp at his side. The men all stood in open mouthed amazement, beating Rance Benton to the draw was considered impossible, and here it had just happened before their very eyes.

"Step up here, Rance," snapped the boy sheriff. "And raise 'em high!"

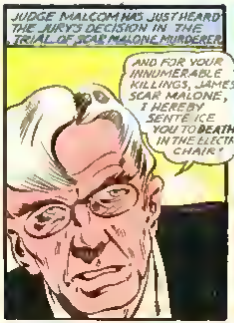
"I can't raise my right," whined Rance. "You just nicked me there."

"Then stretch up the other one!" came the command. Slowly Rance obeyed and came forward at a snail's pace. Luke just noticed that blood was dripping from the killer's upraised hand, when the bark of Rance's gun shook the room. Something hit Luke in the chest, and gasping for breath, he was knocked back against a table. The only Rance had tricked him, had raised his wounded hand instead of his sound one, and had then stealthily drawn his second gun. He was known as a two-gun man and, as such, was feared all over the section. Luke wondered why he was still on his feet. Why wasn't he rolling on the floor, breathing his last?

Subconsciously his hand slid over the vest to where the bullet had hit him—beneath his groping fingers lay old "TIME HANGS HEAVY." It was all twisted out of shape. The bullet, which had harmlessly fallen to the bottom of his pocket, still felt warm. The jet black eyes of Rance the killer, were leering at him across the room — mocking him — wondering what kept him from falling. Suddenly Luke saw that Rance would shoot again—read it in his crime-steeped, cruel, ruthless eyes. With the speed of a striking rattler, Luke's gun hand shot forth—a roar rocked the room — Rance threw up both hands, spun around one fell to the floor, twitching and writhing like the snake that he was. A tiny round hole showed in the center of his forehead. From this a dark red pool was spreading out, fanshaped, on the filthy floor. The killer was dead—and time hung heavy in the old saloon as the young sheriff turned and strode out.

The End


BULLETMAN
TWELVE MEN AND A JUDGE DOOMED TO DIE BY A MAD KILLER! CAN MIGHTY BULLETMAN AND BULLETGIRL SOLVE THE INCREDIBLE MYSTERY OF THE MAN WITHOUT A FACE?
THE MAN WITHOUT A FACE.


JUDGE MALCOM HAS JUST HEARD THE JURY'S DECISION IN THE TRIAL OF SCAR MALONE MURDERER.
AND FOR YOUR INNUMERABLE KILLINGS, JAMES SCAR MALONE, I HEREBY SENTENCE YOU TO DEATH IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!


ELECTRIC CHAIR, IS IT? YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME MALCOM! I'LL KILL YOU ALL FIRST!


YOU BUNCH OF DUMB WITTED JAKES! YOU'LL ALL PAY FOR THIS I'LL GET EVERY LAST ONE OF YOU!
MY WORD!


I'M NOT THROUGH YET... I'M JUST GETTING STARTED. I'LL SEE THIS THING THROUGH... AND I'LL BE BACK... BACK FOR REVENGE!


JIM BARR, SUSAN KENT AND HER FATHER SERGEANT KENT PREPARE TO LEAVE THE COURT ROOM...
WELL, IT TOOK A LONG TIME TO GET MALONE BUT THIS TIME IT'S THE END OF HIM.
SERVES HIM RIGHT!


DADDY! LOOK!


BLAM...
ALL RIGHT, YOU DUMB COPPERS! HERE I GO!


A RIOT TAKES PLACE AS MALONE MAKES A BREAK...
STOP HIM! SHOOT TO KILL!


NO, NO!
MEN WORKING


AS FATE W[illegible] HAVE IT SO AR MALONE LANDS FACE DOWN... IN THE PATH OF RUSHING HOT STEAM

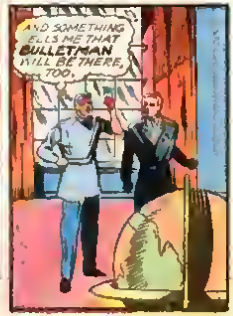

NEVER MIND BOYS. HE'S DONE FOR NOW- GO DOWN AND PICK HIM UP.

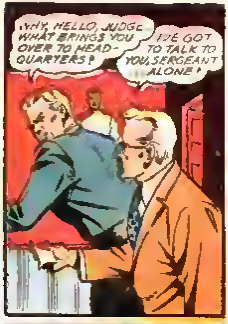

NOT THROUGH YET!... FACE PAINS TERRIBLY... I'LL BE BACK!
BUT BEFORE THE POLICE ARRIVE MALONE WEARILY GETS TO HIS FEET AND ESCAPES THROUGH A MANHOLE.

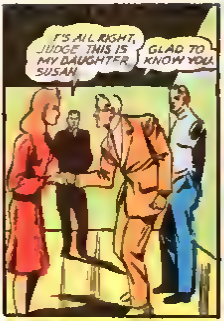

The Press
KILLER MALONE MAKES DARING ESCAPE!
BEWARE
RUSHING FROM COURTROOM, YELLING HIS VENGEANCE ON THE MEN WHO CONVICTED HIM, SAM MALONE ESCAPED TEMPORARY ESCAPE FROM THE ELECTRIC CHAIR. HE IS BELIEVED INJURED AND IN HIDING SOMEWHERE IN CITY. POLICE HAVE SE[illegible] DRAGNET


ANOTHER BLACK EYE FOR THE DEPARTMENT. MALONE'S BEEN LOOSE FOR THREE MONTHS.
RELAX, DADDY I'M SURE HIS THREATS WERE ONLY SHALLOW BLUFFS!

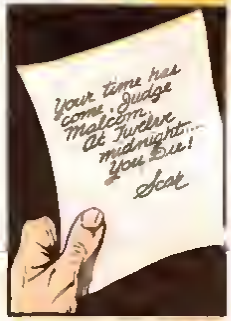

TS VERY SIMPLE. JUST PUT GUARDS AROUND JUDGE MALCOM'S HOUSE TO-NIGHT

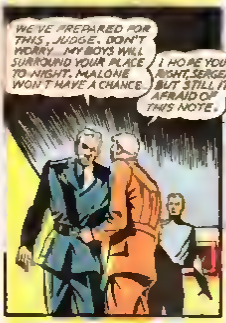

AND SOMETHING TELLS ME THAT BULLETMAN WILL BE THERE, TOO.


WHY, HELLO, JUDGE. WHAT BRINGS YOU OVER TO HEAD-QUARTERS?
I'VE GOT TO TALK TO YOU, SERGEANT ALONE!


IT'S ALL RIGHT, JUDGE. THIS IS MY DAUGHTER SUSAN.
GLAD TO KNOW YOU.


IT'S ABOUT MALONE, SERGEANT. HE SENT ME THIS NOTE.
HMMM. LET'S TAKE A LOOK.


Your time has come, Judge Malcom. At Twelve midnight... You Die!
Scar


WE'VE PREPARED FOR THIS, JUDGE. DON'T WORRY. MY BOYS WILL SURROUND YOUR PLACE TONIGHT. MALONE WON'T HAVE A CHANCE.
I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT, SERGEANT. BUT STILL, I'M AFRAID OF THIS NOTE.


THAT NIGHT, AND AS SERGEANT KENT SAID, JUDGE MALCOM'S HOME IS BUZZING WITH POLICE OFFICERS.


I'LL LEAVE A COUPLE OF THE BOYS IN HERE, JUDGE. I'M GOING BACK OUT SIDE.


THANKS, SERGEANT. I THINK IT'LL BE ALL RIGHT.


NOW, IF YOU MEN WILL STAND BY THE DOOR...
ANYTHING YOU SAY, SIR.


THEN A STRANGE THING OCCURS.
WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?
WHACK

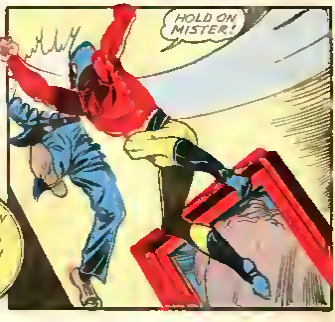

IF YOU'LL NOTICE DEAR JUDGE, IT'S EXACTLY MIDNIGHT.


AND I PROMISED YOU I'D STRIKE AT MIDNIGHT. AH YES JUDGE. IT'S YOUR OLD FRIEND MALONE SURPRISED?


YOU'RE NEXT ON MY LIST!
BEFORE THE TERROR-STRICKEN MALOM CAN EVEN CRY FOR HELP, AN AUTOMATIC ROARS OUT, BLASTING HIM INTO ETERNITY


I GOT TO GET AWAY SOMEONE'S COMING!


TO LATE BUT I'LL GRAB MALONE!
IN THRU THE WINDOW SWOOPS BULLETMAN AS THOUGH APPEARING FROM NOWHERE


HOLD ON MISTER!


DIDN'T EXPECT TO FIND ME HERE, DID YOU?


AND NOW HE'S GONE!
MALONE HAS VANISHED AS THOUGH INTO THIN AIR.


LOOK! THE JUDGE IS IN
BY THE SAINTS! MALONE'S BEEN HERE!


HEY! THERE'S BULLETMAN!
MAYBE HE KILLED THE JUDGE!


DON'T BE IDIOTS HE'S ON OUR SIDE.


BUT IF MALONE WAS HERE, HOW'D HE GET HERE, AND WHERE'D HE GO?
SEARCH ME, SERGEANT. I'M NOT A MAGICIAN.


I'LL LAY HE HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH IT.
YEAH... HIS STORY SOUNDS AWFULLY FISHY TO ME. LET'S RUN HIM IN.


SORRY BOYS... BUT I DON'T EXACTLY LIKE THE KLINK. SEE YOU LATER.


DON'T BOTHER CHASING BULLETMAN. SURROUND THE HOUSE AND SEE IF YOU CAN FIND MALONE. BRING HIM BACK, DEAD OR ALIVE!


AIN'T THAT ONE FOR THE BOOKS, CASEY MALONE KILLS THE JUDGE, AND THEN FADES AWAY LIKE SMOKE!
IF YOU ASK ME, MALONE HASN'T EVEN BEEN HERE


HA! WOULDN'T THEY LIKE TO SEE ME NOW! BUT I'VE ONLY STARTED. TWELVE JURORS ARE TO DIE YET!
ALL THE WHILE A STRANGE FIGURE WATCHES FROM A NEARBY WALL...


AND THEN HURRIEDLY DEPARTS INTO THE NIGHT.


LATER AT MALONE'S HIDEOUT...
FROM NOW ON I'LL NEED YOU BOYS TO HELP WITH THE JURORS. THE COPS ARE CRACKING DOWN.
WHAT'S THE ORDERS, BOSS?


I'M GOING INTO TOWN AND SCOUT AROUND. THEN WE START PICKING OFF THE JURORS.... ONE BY ONE...


MEANWHILE, BULLETMAN ONCE AGAIN TAKES UP THE ROLE OF... JIM BARR...
SO MALONE GOT AWAY FROM YOU, EH?
YEAH AND THAT'S THE FUNNY PART OF IT. HE JUST VANISHED!


BARRY
BARDON ME I DIDN'T MEAN TO BUMP!


ICE
WHY, YOUR FACE!

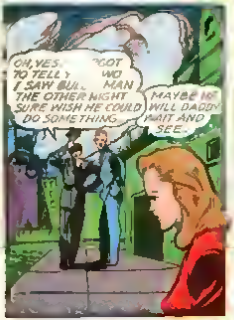

RIGHTENS YO DOESN'T IT?? I'M BARRY!

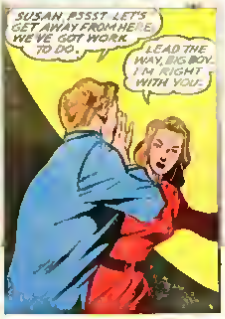

YOU SEE I HAD A LITTLE ACCIDENT ANY FACE WAS BURNED AND HE FEATURES HAD TO BE R NATURALLY, IT'S NO PLEASANT SIGHT GOOD BYE
HMMM NOW ISN'T THAT A GOOD ONE I COULD SWEAR I'VE SEEN THAT MAN BEFORE MAYBE IT'S THE WALK OR VOICE.
TO LET
DRUGS
NEVER MIND SHERLOCK. LET'S NOT QUIBBLE OVER IT. BARR, PACE! THAT
YESSIR!
TWO ICE CREAM SODAS...VANILLA.
LISTEN... A SCREAM!
SKIP THE SODAS, MISTER COME ON, SUSAN!
ICE CREAM SODAS
ONE SIDE, PLEASE... POLICE COMING THROUGH.
AN' DO NOW NOW, BUDDY THIS GUY'S DEAD
—MALONE STRIKES AGAIN?—
"ALESTONE CHIEF JUROR OF THE MALONE TRIAL SHOT THROUGH THE HEART
"I'VE GOT IT" THAT FACELESS MAN WAS MALONE! I REMEMBER NOW THE STEAM BURNED HIS FEATURES AWAY! THAT VOICE THAT WALK I SHOULD'VE KNOWN SOONER!

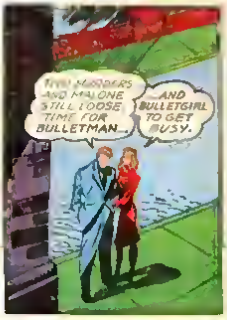

YOU WERE NEAR HERE,JIM DID YOU SEE ANY SIGNS OF MALONE?
NO THAT IS AS A MATTER OF FACT I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM


TWO MEN HAVE DIED AND MALONE HASN'T EVEN BEEN SEEN I CAN FEEL MY JOB GETTIN' AWFULLY SHAKY!

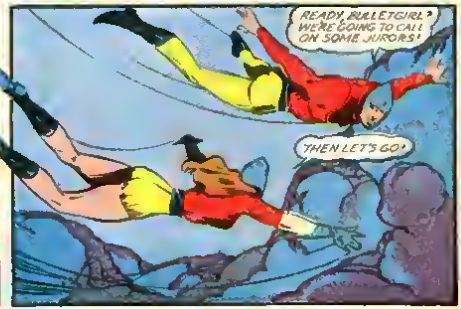

ROUND UP ALL THE OTHER JURORS MAKE SURE EACH IS ARMED GUARDS MALONE MUST BE CAUGHT!


OH, YES. I GOT TO TELL YOU WHO I SAW BULLETMAN THE OTHER NIGHT SURE WISH HE COULD DO SOMETHING
MAYBE HE WILL DADDY WAIT AND SEE.

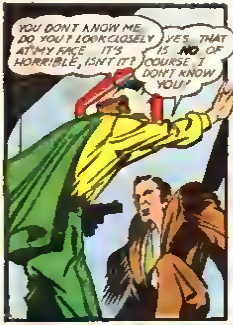

SUSAN, PSSST LET'S GET AWAY FROM HERE WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO.
LEAD THE WAY, BIG BOY. I'M RIGHT WITH YOU.


THE MURDERS AND MALONE STILL LOOSE TIME FOR BULLETMAN
AND BULLETGIRL TO GET BUSY.


I'VE GOT A HUNCH MALONE HAS DONE HIS LAST KILLING!


READY, BULLETGIRL? WE'RE GOING TO CALL ON SOME JURORS!
THEN LET'S GO!


THE GRAVITY HELMETS LIFT THEM UP AND THEY SPEED SWIFTLY THRU THE NIGHT AIR IN QUEST OF THE MYSTERIOUS MAN WITHOUT A FACE.
WHO LIVES HERE, BOSS?
MILLER ANOTHER OF THE JURY THAT CONVICTED ME
MEANWHILE THE BUG STOPS AT A HOUSE AND RINGS THE BELL.
NOW WHO COULD THAT BE? PROBABLY THE BOYS WANTING TO PLAY SOME BRIDGE.
YES... COULD I HELP YOU, GENTLEMEN?
GOOD EVENING, MILLER. KINDLY STEP BACK INSIDE.
WHAT IS IT CEDRIC? OH! HIS... HIS FACE!
YOU DEVIL! NOW LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE! WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?
CUT IT, MILLER. I DON'T LIKE SOB STUFF!
WHY YOU...!

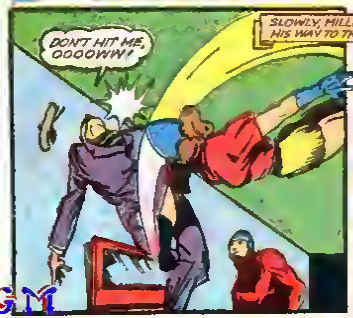

YOU DONT KNOW ME. DO YOU? LOOK CLOSELY AT MY FACE IT'S HORRIBLE, ISNT IT?
YES THAT IS NO OF COURSE I DONT KNOW YOU!

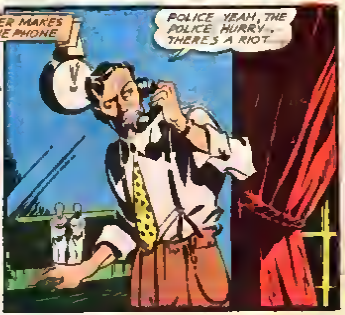

I'M SCAR MALONE, THE MAN WITHOUT A FACE! IN ABOUT TWO SECONDS I'M GOING TO MAKE GOOD MY THREAT TO KILL YOU!
PULEEEEZE! I-I-I...


THEN TWO OTHER FIGURES BARKEN THE DOORWAY.
HELLO BOYS. MIND IF WE JOIN THE LITTLE TETE A TETE?


DON'T STAND THERE LIKE STATUES... START BLASTIN'!!
BULLETMAN AND BULLETGIRL!


FAST AS GREASED LIGHTNING, THE TWO CRIME FIGHTERS STRIKE!...
AT EM!


DONT HIT ME, OOOOWW!
SLOWLY, MILLER MAKES HIS WAY TO THE PHONE


POLICE YEAH, THE POLICE HURRY... THERES A RIOT...


NOT SO FAST MR TOUGH GUY!


OH IT'S YOU EH? HERE'S WHERE YOU GET YOURS!


A BARKING DOG...
YOK

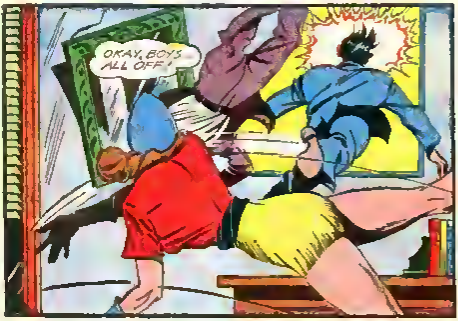

NEVER BITES!


DON'T WORRY BULLETMAN I'M NOT THROUGH YET!


MEANWHILE SUSAN BATTLES BRAVELY AGAINST OVERWHELMING ODDS


HANG ON BOYS...


WE'RE GOING FOR A RIDE!
HEY! LEMME DOWN!
HELP!


OKAY, BOYS ALL OFF!


YOU DID IT! YOU BEAT THEM ALL!
RATHER SEE!! THAT WAY DOESN'T IT?


WAIT A MINUTE! MALONE'S MISSING!

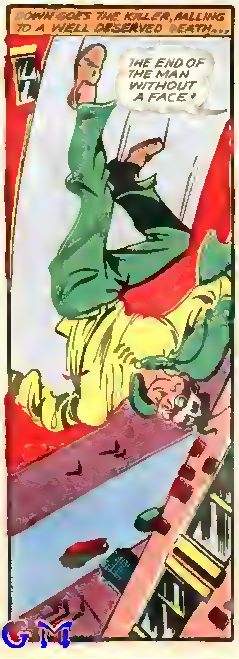

SNEAKED OUT AGAIN! HE COULDN'T BE FAR AWAY... AND I'M GOING AFTER HIM!

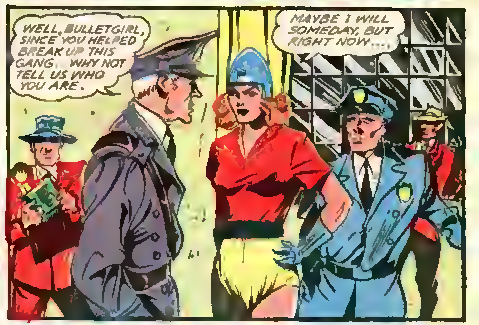

CALL THE COPS. TELL THEM THE WHOLE GANG IS HERE!


BUT A LURKING FIGURE OUTSIDE SEES BULLETMAN...
NOT SO FAST, BRIGHT EYES! TURN AROUND AND COME BACK!


I'VE BEEN OUT HERE WAITING FOR YOU... WAITING TO BLOW THAT GRAVITY HELMET FROM YOUR HEAD... AND NOW...


THE END OF YOU, BULLETMAN!
BLAM






COMING YOUR WAY!
COMIC-LAND'S GREATEST HEROES
WHIZ AND MASTER COMICS
ON SALE AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND 10¢

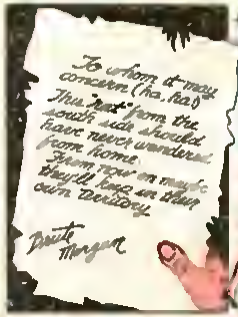

BULLETMAN
BIG TIME RACKETEERS AGAIN RAISE HAVOC IN THE LARGE METROPOLIS. ..AS AN OLD REGIME OF TERROR RISES FROM THE PAST.. BUT MIGHTY BULLETMAN STERS IN ON THE SIDE OF JUSTICE, AND THE WAR IS ON!
AT THE HANGOUT OF BRUTE MORGAN, NORTH SIDE "PROTECTIVE" KING
SO YOU CAUGHT HIM, EH, BOYS? THAT'S GOOD!
HONEST BRUTE I DIDN'T MEAN ANYTHING
SHUT UP, YOU YELLOW RAT! DON'T LIE TO ME!


I'VE WARNED YOU GUYS FROM THE SOUTH SIDE TO STAY IN YOUR OWN TERRITORY. FROM NOW ON I'M THROUGH WARNING... I'M GOING TO....
NO, BRUTE NOT THAT NO!
BUT BRUTE IS TIRED OF ARGUING. HIS FINGER TIGHTENS ON THE TRIGGER. THERE IS A LOUD BANG, AND THE UNFORTUNATE "SOUTH SIDER" SLUMPS TO THE FLOOR LIFELESS
ALL RIGHT.. GET IM OUT OF HERE. DROP HIM AT THE USUAL PLACE
THERE HASN'T BEEN MUCH EXCITEMENT LATELY, HAS THERE, JIM?
THAT'S USUALLY THE SIGNAL FOR SOMETHING TO POP
MEANWHILE, SUSAN KENT AND JIM BARR STROLL TOWARD HEADQUARTERS
AT THAT MOMENT, A POWERFUL DARK SEDAN ROARS UP THE STREET
LOOK OUT! THAT FOOL RUN OVER!
THE SEDAN WHIZZES PAST THE POLICE STATION... AND A DARK OBJECT HURTLES OUT TO THE PAVEMENT
POLICE


JIM THAT THAT... THAT'S A MAN'S BODY!


C'MON ON SUSAN!


WHEEEEW! THIS CERTAINLY SPELLS TROUBLE!


To whom it may concern (ha, ha) This "pest" from the south side should have never wandered from home. Them you or maybe they'll find us down their own territory.
Dante Morgan


WHAT IS IT, JIM?
WAR AND IT MEANS HUNDREDS OF INNOCENT PEOPLE WILL BE CAUGHT IN IT! UNLESS...
A QUICK CHANGE, AND MIGHTY BULLETMAN APPEARS!
BULLETMAN TAKES UP THE TRAIL!
SAME BLACK SEDAN... SAME LICENSE NUMBER... HERE GOES!
A SHORT TIME LATER... AND BULLETMAN'S HAWK-LIKE EYES THE GANGSTER'S CAR BELOW.


NO... YOU SUMMON YOUR FATHER... I'M GOING AFTER THOSE KILLERS!
BUT, WAIT... I-I-I


DOWN, DOWN GOES MIGHTY BULLETMAN—NOT UNLIKE SOME BLAZING COMET FROM THE DARK SKIES!
ZOOM!
HOLY SMOKE! FALLING STAR!
GUESS THAT'LL SLOW EM UP A BIT!
SHE'S STALLED BOYS LET'S GET OUT AND SHOVE.
THEN IT WASN'T A SHOOTIN STAR THAT HIT US!
LOOK THERE! BULLETMAN!
GET HIM!
YEAH, BOYS... WHY DON'T YOU GET ME?
THE NORTH SIDERS ARE SOON CAUGHT IN A HAILSTORM, AS BULLETMAN GOES TO WORK.

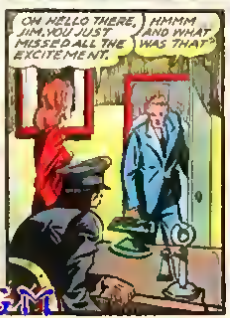

WISE GUY, EH? I'LL FIX 'IM!
THAT'LL STOP HIM BUT FOR GOOD!
HEY WHAT GOES ON? YOU SHOULD BE OUT COLD!
BUT UNFORTUNATELY FOR YOU, I'M NOT!
ALL OUT. NOW LET'S SEE WHAT COMES NEXT
HA HA! A ROPE! JUST THE THING I NEED!
NO... NOT THAT! NOT THE ROPE! AAAGGH!
DON'T WORRY, BIG SHOT. I'M ONLY GOING TO TAKE YOU FOR A RIDE.

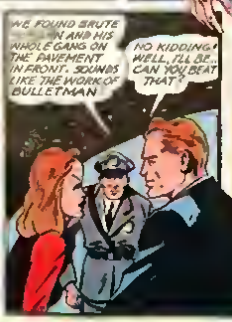

HEADQUARTERS DOWN BELOW. HERE'S WHERE I DROP THESE LUGS OFF.


OUCH!
OOW!


MMMM, GET A LOOK, FELLERS. THE TOUGH NORTH SIDERS' RIGHT ON OUR DOOR-STEP!
WE'LL TOSS 'EM IN THE CLINK, EH, SERGEANT KENT?


YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME, KENT! I'LL GET OUT OF THIS TIN CAN IF I HAVE TO RIP THE WHOLE PLACE DOWN!


OH HELLO THERE, JIM. YOU JUST MISSED ALL THE EXCITEMENT.
HMMM AND WHAT WAS THAT?


WE FOUND BRUTE IN AND HIS WHOLE GANG ON THE PAVEMENT IN FRONT. SOUNDS LIKE THE WORK OF BULLETMAN
NO KIDDING! WELL, I'LL BE. CAN YOU BEAT THAT?


SO WITH ALL THESE CROOKS IN JAIL, I GUESS THE PROTECTIVE RACKET WILL DIE ON IT'S FEET.
I HOPE SO, DAD.
HERE TOO.


BUT THOUGH BRUTE MORGAN IS BEHIND BARS, HIS RUTHLESS MACHINE CONTINUES TO WORK. A CAR STOPS AT A SMALL FRUIT MARKET.
FRUITS "Call Me Pleasty" NUTS
THIS IS THE ONE THAT BRUTE WROTE US ABOUT
THEN WE'LL JUST HAVE A LITTLE TALK, WITH HIM!
FRUIT
COULD I HELP YOU, GENTLEMAN? I HAVE FRESH ORANGES, FRESH APPL.....
CUT IT, MISTER. WE AINT BUYIN'- WE'RE SELLIN'!
BUT I NO BUY. I SELL. MAYBE YOU FROM INSURANCE COMPANY, NO?
NO! WE'RE FROM THE MORGAN PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION. SEE?
AH! MORGAN IS IT? I'M NOT BUYING YOUR PROTECTION... AND YOU CAN GET OUT BEFORE I SHOOT IT!
OKAY, PUDGY.. YOU ASKED FOR IT!
OOOOH!
BUT THE THUG DRAWS AN AUTOMATIC, HE FIRES, AND THE STORE OWNER DROPS TO THE FLOOR
C'MON, LET'S BEAT IT!
YEAH. GUESS THIS'LL SHOW THESE STORE OWNERS WHO'S BOSS!
HURRY UP AND THROW THAT PINEAPPLE, LOUIE!
STEP ON IT, BUTCH! WE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!

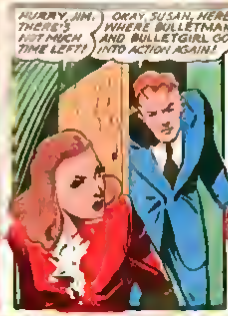

LAUNDRY
BOOM
NO SOONER DOES THE CAR PULL AWAY THAN A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION SHAKES THE NEARBY BUILDINGS
SIRENS SCREAM AS THE FIRE TRUCKS SPEED TO THE SCENE
REST
MENU
KEEP BACK KEEP BACK FROM THE FIRE!
WHO DONE IT OFFICER?
HE KNOWS WHO DID IT... BUT HE WONT SAY! BRUTE MORGAN'S MEN... THAT'S WHO! AND THE COPS ARE SCARED OF EM!
AT HEADQUARTERS, SERGEANT KENT HEARS OF THE EXPLOSION AND FIRE
ALL RIGHT CASEY KEEP SOME MEN POSTED AT THE FIRE I'LL BE DOWN FOR AN INVESTIGATION
A MARSH VOICE RINGS FROM THE DOORWAY
JUST A MOMENT SERGEANT I'LL HAVE A WORD WITH YOU
MORGAN! I THOUGHT YOU WERE IN—


YEAH... YOU THOUGHT I WAS IN THE KLINK! I TOLD YOU YO BREAK OUT OF THIS CANARY CAGE!
LET'S GET IT OVER WITH, BOSS. SOMEONE MIGHT COME!


YOU TWO BEAT IT... WHILE I HAVE A LITTLE CONFERENCE WITH THE SERGEANT
YOU BEAST, YOU...
NEVER MIND, SUSAN WE'D BETTER DO AS THE "GENTLEMAN" ASKS.


DON'T LEAVE ME, JIM. THEY WANT TO KILL ME!
OKAY, SERGEANT I'LL STAY!


NO YOU DON'T, SONNY BOY! GET MOVIN' OR I'LL GIVE YOU SOME OF THE SAME THING!

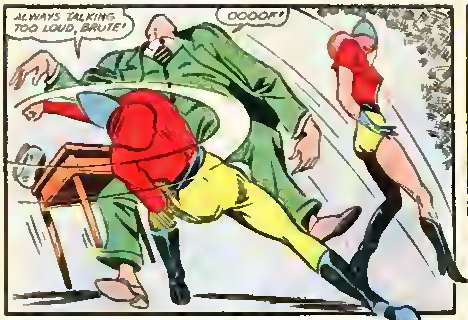

HURRY, JIM. THERE'S NOT MUCH TIME LEFT!
OKAY, SUSAN, HERE'S WHERE BULLETMAN AND BULLETGIRL GO INTO ACTION AGAIN!


SAY YOUR PRAYERS, IF YOU KNOW ANY, KENT. I'M GOING TO BLAST YOU TO THE SKY!
LISTEN TO REASON, MORGAN. YOU CAN'T DO THIS, YOU CAN'T...


I CAN'T, EH? WELL SEE... TAKE THAT!


HELLO, SERGEANT GLAD TO SEE YOU!
AS THE MISSILE OF DEATH SPEEDS TOWARD IT'S MARK, A MIRACULOUS THING HAPPENS. BULLETMAN ARRIVES!


B-B-B-B-BULLETMAN!
SO WE'LL START ALL OVER AT THE BEGINNING!
H-HELP!
TSK TSK TSK... YOU BOYS WOULDN'T KID ME, WOULD YOU?
LET ME AT HIM... I'LL KILL HIM!
HANG ON TO HIM... BREAK HIS NECK!
ALL RIGHT BULLETMAN HERE'S WHERE YOU GET YOURS!
NICE BRUTE... MUSTN'T TOUCH BIG BAD GUN!
WHA-WHA-WHAT?
BULLETMAN'S GIRL FRIEND, EH? WATCH ME PLASTER HER ALL OVER THE WALL!


ALWAYS TALKING TOO LOUD, BRUTE!
OOOOOF!


GAM! I'LL GET YOU THIS TIME BULLETMAN! NO ONE CAN BEAT BRUTE MORGAN!


HA HA HA HA! DUCK THAT ONE WILL YOU!


BY LUCK, THE HEAVY TABLE CORNER STRIKES BULLETMAN JUST BELOW THE PROTECTIVE GRAVITY HELMET


FOR ONCE MIGHTY BULLETMAN IS STRETCHED HELPLESSLY ON THE FLOOR AS A RESULT OF THE BLOW.
JIM! JIM!

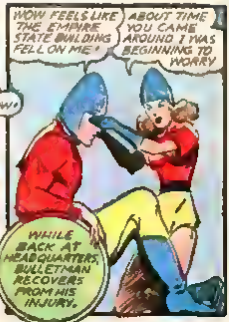

COME ON YOU BUNCH OF SOFTIES. WE'RE GETTIN OUT OF HERE!


WHAT WOULD THESE GUYS DO WITHOUT ME?


WELL, I KNOCKED OUT BULLETMAN. SO THAT LEAVES THE WAY CLEAR. FROM NOW ON, I GUESS THE PROTECTIVE RACKET WILL RUN ON A PAYING BASIS.


HI YA BRUTE! GLAD TO SEE YOU IN CIRCULATION AGAIN!
SHUT UP, PUNK, WE GOT THINGS TO DO!
LATER, AT BRUTE'S HIDEOUT.


LISTEN, WE'RE STARTIN' ALL OVER AGAIN FROM NOW ON WE'LL HAVE ALL THE STORE OWNERS ON THE NORTH SIDE SHAKING!
HOT DOG! I CAN SEE US ALL GETTING RICH NOW!


WOW FEELS LIKE THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING FELL ON ME!
ABOUT TIME YOU CAME AROUND I WAS BEGINNING TO WORRY
WHILE BACK AT HEADQUARTERS, BULLETMAN RECOVERS FROM HIS INJURY.

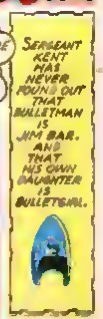

YOUR FATHER! WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM?


AH...HERE HE IS! HOW ARE YOU, SERGEANT?
I-I'M OKAY BULLETMAN THANKS TO YOU IF YOU HADN'T SHOWN UP...IT WOULD HAVE BEEN CURTAINS FOR ME!


UNLESS WE CAN CATCH BRUTE MORGAN AGAIN! I'M AFRAID YOUR JOB IS GONE, SERGEANT!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT MY JOB...JUST CATCH MORGAN! MEANWHILE, I'LL SOUND A GENERAL ALARM


THEN WE'LL SEARCH THE NORTH SIDE. OUGHT TO FIND HIM SOMEWHERE.


I'M POSITIVE I'VE SEEN THOSE TWO SOMEWHERE IN REAL LIFE! LET'S SEE...WHO COULD THEY BE? OH, WELL I WON'T BOTHER ABOUT IT NOW.


SERGEANT KENT HAS NEVER FOUND OUT THAT BULLETMAN IS JIM BAR. AND THAT HIS OWN DAUGHTER IS BULLETGIRL.


PSSST-BOYS LOOKS LIKE A SOFT TOUCH!
WE'LL, THE TIME THE BANK BEERS ARE OUT ON A BUSINESS CALL FOR NEW CUSTOMERS
GOOD EVENING, FOLKS. MY NAME? MORGAN! MORGAN! BRUTE
ER, HOW DO, CAN WE WAIT? DID YOU SAY MORGAN?
SURE I SAID MORGAN. AND ALL YOU FOLKS HAVE TO DO IS SIGN THIS LITTLE PAPER, AND...
LISTEN, MR. WE AIN'T SIGNING NO PAPER FOR YOU CROOKS! AND IF YOU DON'T GET OUT OF HERE, I'LL....
SHUT YER MOUTH, BRAT!
ZOOM
I'M GOING TO SOCK YOU, MICKEY MOUSE!
SHALL WE LET EM HAVE IT, BOSS?
LET GO OF ME, I SAY!
JUST WAIT TILL I KNOCK THIS BRAT INTO THE MIDDLE OF NEXT YEAR!
PLEASE, MISTER-D-D-DON'T HIT ME!
DROP THE KID, MORGAN! I'M GOING TO TEAR YOU INTO SHREDS!
WHY-!?

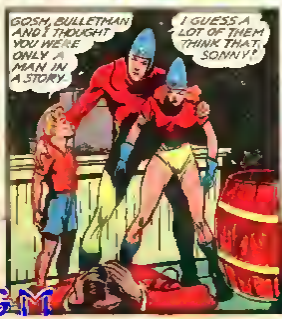

WHO SEZ SO, OWCH!
BULLETMAN SAYS SO!


HEY - WHAT GOES ON? WHY?
AND BULLETGIRL!


THE END OF BRUTE MORGAN!


BRUTE HITS THE WALL, BUT DOESN'T STOP, HE SAILS RIGHT THRU!


HMMM - GUESS BULLETGIRL HAS TAKEN CARE OF THE REST!


GOSH, BULLETMAN AND I THOUGHT YOU WERE ONLY A MAN IN A STORY.
I GUESS A LOT OF THEM THINK THAT, SONNY!


BUT WE'VE GOT TO SAY GOOD-BYE. THE POLICE WILL BE HERE SOON.
AND YOU FOLKS WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT BRUTE MORGAN. HE'S THRU FOR GOOD!
I'LL NEVER FORGET YOU, BULLETMAN!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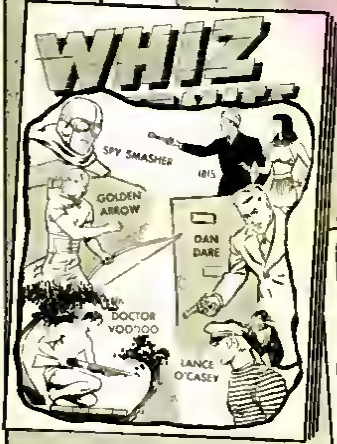

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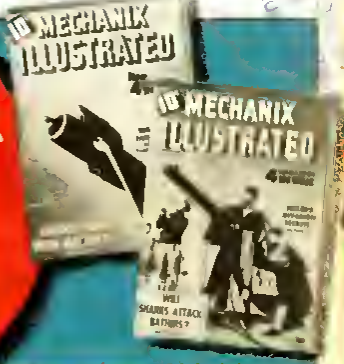

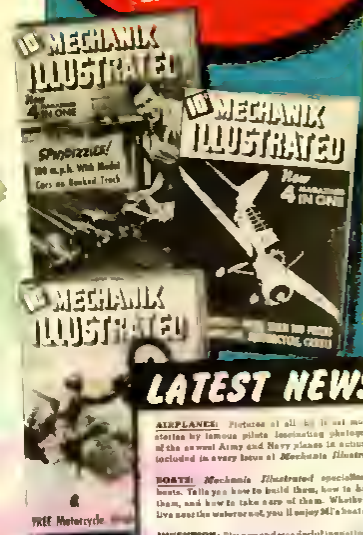

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